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Student Union Fifth?

IN making allotments to the University for the construction of new buildings, federal and state officials have before them a prepared list of building projects, the completion of which would equip the University of Oregon as a first class institution of higher learning should be equipped.

The first five buildings on this list, in order of suggested priority, as shown in yesterday's Emerald, are:

1. Completion of the new library.
2. Additions to the heating plant.
3. Physical education plant and men's gym.
4. Humanities building.
5. Student union building.

Why, asks the Emerald, is the student union placed fifth on this list?

With the construction of a new and adequate \$350,000 library already assured, is there any reason why an additional grant should be requested in order to make additions, which, although included in the original plans, were omitted in the final construction because of financial limitations? With the completion of the library, the University will be well provided with library facilities. Of course, the additional stack and reading room space may at some time in the future become necessary, but at present such a project might better be put near the bottom of the building program rather than in the number one position.

The second project, that of adding to the heating system, is a necessary one, but is already underway, and has been sufficiently planned for to make it unnecessary to consider any further grant for this work as affecting funds which might be available for the remaining projects on the list.

A new physical education plant is a need which cannot be denied. The probable cost of an adequate plant, according to the committee in charge of the building program, would be approximately \$450,000.

The consideration of a new humanities building to provide additional classroom space for classes in literature, languages, and similar subjects, seems highly improper in view of the need for the next proposal in the tentative program, a student union building. With the construction of the new library, the opening of the old library for the law school, and the resulting evacuation of Oregon hall, there will be ample classroom space available for the humanities; and, in case the Condon reserve library should be transferred to the new structure, the additional space acquired by such a move would serve to dispel the most insistent demand for a building such as that suggested as fourth in priority.

All of which brings us to the prospect of a student union building with but one other project in a more favored light. That is the new physical education plant.

The Passing Show

LET US BE SPONGES—SOMETIMES
A SPONGE being absorbent, one should be like a sponge in classrooms and at lectures; also at other places where knowledge is given. Thus an editorial in a junior high school paper advises.

The analogy is a good one, and the idea is not so bad for a junior high school kid. But the same idea is held by many young men and women of college age as well, and for them it is not so good. Too many students still have the "teacher said so" attitude toward education. Too often there is the sad case of the university freshman who has acquired the idea back in primary and secondary schools that a teacher is something above the ordinary man as regards the validity of statements which proceed from his mouth, and who continues to think so throughout his college years.

Professors are not willful liars or dishonest persons, to be sure, but the possibility of their being wrong about some things is ever present. Being humans they have no doubt done a little "sponging" themselves. And even if they get all they expound out of books, still the possibility of error is great. For as a local professor once told an undergraduate class, "You should read books not to try to discover what the author is trying to tell you, but rather what he is trying to keep from you."

Authors are usually humans too, and by the time the professor has read something by a misinformed writer and has given it his own little personal touch, then the chance of the matter becoming a bit shady is great.

So we would say, "Let us be sponges—sometimes," but not until we have analyzed the load, strained it thoroughly and investigated its source. And then may we be ready to squeeze ourselves at any time.—Daily Texan.

Wiping Out War

By John Chamberlain

Editor's note: John Chamberlain writes the daily column, "Books of the Times," in the New York Times. This article is published below through the courtesy of the New York Times with the permission of the Association of College Editors.

WITH Hitler taking the bit between his teeth, and with France, England and Russia all showing visible signs of perturbation (although Ernst Henri told them a year ago what was coming, and others, including General Tasker Bliss, uttered a premonitory "I told you so" the day after Versailles), it may not be the precise moment to be flippant about war and the rumors of war. Yet Sir Norman Angell's "Peace and the Plain Man" (Harper, \$2.50) invites flippant treatment. Rhetorically speaking, the book is positively brilliant.

But, as I read, I was haunted continually by Lawrence Dennis's epigram: "While the free traders were winning all the arguments, the protectionists were winning all the elections." Sir Norman wins all the arguments, but his opponents simply won't come around of evenings to the Oxford Union. Which leaves Sir Norman in the plaintive position of one crying: "If only the world were intelligent, it would listen to me." Which is true.

Sir Norman Can Help

If you want to refute the militarist who sits next to you at the dinner table, Sir Norman can help you. With Sir Norman's aid, I can imagine a conversation running along in this fashion:

General Snirkonteface: "But, my dear man, war is inevitable."

Caspar Milquetoast (brave with four cocktails under his belt and an evening of Sir Norman behind him): "Which war? Any war? Plainly, militarists don't believe that all wars are inevitable, because they urge more armament, on the ground that that will help to preserve peace."

General S.: "But human nature is essentially quarrelsome."

Caspar: "That is why we must have a League of Nations or institutions of discipline. If human nature were perfect, regulatory institutions would be unnecessary. If man were not a fighting animal, there would be no need for courts, police and decalogues. Just because man's a fighter, you don't assault your neighbor when he dislikes you. Or, if you do, the police stop you."

Changing Human Behavior

General S.: "But you can't change human nature."

Caspar: "You don't have to. But you certainly can change human behavior. Man was once cannibalistic, believed in human sacrifice to the gods, upheld the Ordeal by Fire, sanctioned dueling."

General S.: "But war is a spiritual cleanser. Without it, man would grow soft."

Caspar: "I thought you said in your last lecture that we needed armaments to insure peace?"

General S.: "Well, I was only making a point that those people at the Community Centre would understand. War will continue as long as man is selfish."

Caspar: "But war demands of men the greatest possible unselfishness, the greatest sacrifice of all, life. It destroys property, wealth and trade. If men were intelligently selfish, war would not take place."

General S.: "But what would you do if a brute attacked your sister?"

Caspar (swallowing another drink): "I'd give him a sock on the jaw. But if conditions were such that women were liable to violence, I'd try to cooperate in organizing a system of police, courts, and so on, which is precisely what those who use your arguments as analogies to the restraint of violence in the international field refuse to do internationally."

General S.: "But would you leave your house unlocked?"

Caspar: "No. But if I had to depend on the strength of the lock, with no reliance on the community, with its police and magistrature, my house would be plundered anyway. Defense must be collective and cooperative or fail. The League is an effort at such collective defense—made weak, I admit, because the householders fail to pay the international tax (in trust) to support it."

General S.: "But capitalist nations must have markets for the disposal of their surplus goods."

Caspar: "Britain had victory in 1918 over its most powerful commercial rival. Are British capitalists more able to dispose of their surplus than they were before the war?"

Mr. Smith Decides

General S.: "Some capitalists, however, may benefit by war."

Caspar: "Some capitalists would benefit by a new Great Fire of London; all industries relating to the building trades would boom. It does not make arson a capitalist interest."

Here we come to the crux of the matter. We have wars, not because of the things which Sir Norman talks about for some 300 pages, but because the game of power is, like poker, not only a game of indisputable cards, but also a game of bluff. And any one who is willing to bluff must take the chance that the bluff will be called. Wars result when some one calls a bluff that is made by a man who is too proud to back down, or who thinks the man calling the bluff is himself bluffing.

War Is an Accident

In other words, war itself is never solely a matter of policy, but an incidental accident incurred in pursuing (other) policies. This being true, does it matter much whether men bluff by the old diplomacy or over the green baize tables of Geneva? Of course, if we had a world with only one reigning elite . . . But hush, hush, little man, you're suggesting international socialism or one imperialist victor, such as Rome of the Pax Romana. And how are you going to get France and Russia, or Japan and the United States, to agree on either of these?

P. S. If you know you're living in a munitions factory you will be careful how you throw matches around.

Anything Goes

By Dick Watkins

CAMPUS — Well, Anson has come to town and breezed out again like a flash, and we're still trying to figure out why we couldn't have nabbed him for a campus dance, especially when nothing would have pleased he and his boys more, and such an engagement could have been so easily arranged . . . although Weeks has not what you call an entertainment orchestra, he put on a darn good show at the Mac, and sounded vastly improved over the last time we chanced to hear him in action . . . His array of talent is nothing to be sneezed at either, especially the singing of Freddie Williams, a newcomer to his outfit, on that "One Night of Love" encore . . . Weeks' 45-minute stage performance was more than we had bargained for, and was run off so smoothly, we have nothing but orchids to toss at this writing . . . the band plays next at Seaside and then open up Jantzen Beach Park for the season, on Sat eve . . . next they head north to Vancouver, thence to Seattle where they are lined up to play at the U. of Washington's Spring Informal on the 18th . . . what gripes us so darn much is the fact we could have had him ourselves for the JUNIOR PROM next weekend, had we only gotten off the dime a couple of weeks ago when it was first known he was coming through here, and made a few inquiries into the situation . . . Yesterday, Weeks himself said he would have been available up till only a few days ago, and then we could have had a Prom that was worth tossing . . . Well, no use crying over spilled milk, but it stands to reason, that since so little good music is available around these parts, whenever a prominent band does stroll through here, having them play at a campus dance would be a fine thing, and would be well supported by the student body . . . in fact, what harm would there be in having the ASUO sponsor such an affair, from time to time, fortnightly . . . on other coast campus such as Cal, Stanford, USC, Wash., UCLA, etc., the student body regularly features such events as part of their membership privileges, and actually make money on the deal at the same time . . . recently, even the Pasadena Jr. College had Lombardo at one of their hops; Tom Coakley played for the Cal Senior Ball; Jay Whidden plays tonight for another U. of Wash. jig, and so it goes . . . prominent orchestras nearly always prefer playing for college proms, for, as Hal Kemp recently remarked, "college students appreciate them better," and also, because of the favorable publicity it brings to them . . . Well, this is enough of a "beef" for any sitting, so we'll sign off, but anyhow, it's all food for thought . . . such is life in the north woods . . .

Burg Speaks

(Continued from Page One) storms which sweep the North Pacific.

The steering gear was swept away ten times, and given up for lost by the captain. As one tremendous wall of water broke over the ship's fore deck and submerged it in 20 feet of water the captain cried, "She'll never come up!"

Coal Swept Away

But she did struggle up from the depths with her lifeboats, deck bunkers, and coal swept away by the mountainous sea, and limped into Unalaska with the men stoking the boiler in the stokehold standing knee-deep in water.

The Russian crew deserted in Unalaska and Mr. Burk was left with only two others, a Swede and a Siamese sailor, on deck to steer the ship to Yokohama.

First Pictures of Tribes

His most recent trip was his journey down to far off Tierra del Fuego, the jumping-off place of civilization at the southernmost tip of South America. While there he made the first moving pictures of the tribes and country in that region ever made. He was given up for lost by several supply ships which were searching desperately for him but he always showed up, chugging out from among the icebergs in a small surf-boat, the Doryjun. He was caught in several violent gales which are eternally sweeping across the wild stretches of land and water in that even wilder portion of the world.

He cruised for miles up and down the western coast of lower South America among the numerous islands, that line the shore for hundreds of miles up the western side of that continent from Cape Horn, in a Chilean navy training ship. On his way back to the United States he stopped off for over

Appeal for Peace To Be Broadcast

By George BIKMAN

Emerald Radio Editor
The most widespread appeal for international peace in world history will be made over NBC networks today between 12:15 and 1 p. m. Thirteen leading men and women in the world affairs are to speak from six different countries.

The impressive list includes Prince Tokugawa of Japan; Viscount Cecil of Britain; Madame Krupskaya, widow of Lenin; Madame Ivy Low Litvinoff, wife of the Russian foreign commissar; Monsieur Joseph Paul-Boncour, former premier of France; Sir Ronald Lindsay, British ambassador; Alexander Troyanovsky, ambassador of the U.S.S.R.; Arthur Henderson, president of the disarmament conference, and Hiroshi Saito, Japanese ambassador.

On the Columbia network glamorous Grace Moore will be guest artist on the hour long dramatic musical revue, Hollywood Hotel, at 5 o'clock, a new time. Richard Himber's fine orchestra will follow, with Stuart Allen and David Ross. At 6:30 a special broadcast from Louisville, Ky., will bring a description of the set up on the eve of the Kentucky Derby.

A Musical Letter from San Diego, featuring that city's symphony orchestra, will be broadcast this afternoon at 1. Nino Marcelli will direct the 80 piece orchestra in selections which will call to mind the Spanish atmosphere of the forthcoming San Diego fair.

A month to take color pictures of the greatest coffee plantations in the world in Brazil.

Mr. Burg is a former student of the University and comes to the campus at frequent intervals to do research work and write.

Dean Onthank

(Continued from Page One)

from every quarter of the campus could meet and develop common understandings, it is now."

Expanding upon this serious want, he continued, "There is a practical need for facilities of many kinds, large and small, for a lunch room for commuting students, for offices for important but neglected student groups, for suitable rooms where dances may be held on the campus without competing with athletic and departmental uses, and where banquets may be served to Oregon Mothers and Dads without driving the dormitory students out of their own dining room, for suitable rooms for student councils and committees, for quarters for the alumni association, for a small dancing room where informal and inexpensive parties open to all students, and especially those who cannot afford the more expensive functions, may take place frequently, and for many other uses which are indispensable to the proper student social and recreational life."

Emerald Commended

Dean Onthank commended the Emerald "for reopening interest in the union and for clarifying understanding of the real part it would play in student life and activities."

"The experiences of a large number of universities," he concluded, "indicate that a student union, if designed to provide for the particular needs of the campus on which it is situated and kept within suitable limits as to expense, is one of the most indispensable units in the university plant."

And What Else?



Again I See in Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

The Little Brick Church

Diagonally across the intersection of Broadway and Pearl from the Eugene Hotel, which itself now occupies the site of a meat market on scaffolding above a swale, was once a little red brick church whose history is curiously interwoven with that of the early University.

Eugene used to refer to it quite intimately and affectionately as the Brick Church. Its modern flourishing successor on Oak Street with the Greek facade, the campanile and the carillons, should not take offense at corroboration of the boy-hood impressions which I find in contemporary news-items, that it was otherwise known in those days as the "Campbellite Church."

Civic programs were frequently staged in the Brick Church. Here was where Abigail Scott Duniway first propounded equal suffrage to Eugenites. Here lectures were given on all conceivable subjects and for any legitimate purpose. Since the University was so far away and the streets so inadequately lighted and transportation facilities nil, the several downtown churches were much commended.

And it was the uncompleted condition of the University building which made the Brick Church a welcome adjunct in time of public demonstration. "The chapel room," as the news constantly has it, meaning the one large auditorium in the upper story, was still under construction when the academic

Again I See in Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

year closed, just the day before the Fourth of July. Messrs. Douglas and VanAlstein, contractors, had not commenced work on plastering "the chapel room" until late in May, and were not ready for hard finishing until well into June. Meanwhile the Brick Church provided the "chapel" for the closing exercises of the University's first year.

On Friday, June 29th of 1877, Mrs. Spiller's and Miss Stone's classes in elocution were for the first time heard there,—in solo, antiphony, and chorus,—in all the diapason of the speech-arts, at the expiration of which "Judge J. M. Thompson presented to each a beautiful book as prize in different studies,"—prizes in reading, spelling, and arithmetic. Does Ida Patterson, '86, much esteemed Principal of our Washington School, recall that she was the only one to earn a "double"?

Fitting prelude to the glorious Fourth that followed, which saw the first fire-works ever displayed in Eugene and was climaxed with the Fire Men's Ball in the old Court House, was the University's quasi-Commencement. There was no class as yet to be graduated, but the aggregation of declamations, recitations, and essays was appalling, except to Editor Harry Kincaid whose story in the next issue of The Journal retained a smiling compliment for every participant. He even included "the large and intelligent audience." The gamut of subject-matter ran from

"Mental Power" by Laban Wheeler

to "The Brides of Enderby" by Rose Scott.

A pity that Eugene could not have preserved its Brick Church as a museum, or even as a mere memorial, as Boston still welcomes pilgrims to its Old North and Old South Churches! We are reckless, prodigal, in our advance and then deplore the evanescence of our traditions.

Next in the series: GO-GETTERS, THOSE FOUNDERS OF OURS.

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